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THE VACCINE SCOURGE.

(No. II.)

CONTAINING A NEW SONG,

CALLED

THE BLACKSMITH'S PROGRESS,

OR,

I AND MY PARTNER JOE;

Sung at a certain Vaccine Institution in Salisbury Court.

A ROD FOR THE FOOL'S BACK.

London: Printed for the Editor, and sold by J. CALLOW,
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1809.

Price One Shilling.

THE VACCINE SCOURGE.

THE Editor of this work cannot begin the second number of his publication in a manner more flattering to his feelings, or more consistent with his plan, than in the words of the Monthly Mirror for June; which are as follows:

“ The Vaccine Phantasmagoria, 4to. 2s. Murray.

“ The Vaccine Scourge, in Answer to the Calumnies and Falsehoods lately circulated with great industry, by that extraordinary surgeon, Mr. Birch, and other Anti-vaccinists, 8vo. 1s. Murray.

“ It is not in our power to see the struggles made by a few interested and ignorant *apothecaries and surgeons, sextons,* and grave diggers*, against Dr. Jenner’s tried and noble discovery of vaccination, without repeating old Sir John’s exclamation, “ There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous men !” We hope, however, and have little reason to doubt, after the Report of the *Royal College of Physicians*, on a laborious investigation of the subject, “ that the prints and publications, which have been so widely circulated, in order *to alarm timorous and uninformed parents*, originate *either in gross ignorance or wilful misrepresentation*,” the empty vanity† and frantic lunacy of the Birches and Moseleys, will be treated with the contempt and disrespect which they deserve.

“ These two pamphlets, the first hitching Dr. Moseley, and the second Mr. Birch into rhyme, with a few notes, shewing the shallowness of the one, and the raving madness of the other, are very pleasant and judicious *jeux*

* The only *reasonable* complaint brought against vaccination, is in Winifred Jenkins’s Letter, where a *sexton* says, that “ now there is to be no more small-pox, I and my family must go to the parish.”

† One of Mr. Birch’s “ *serious reasons*,” for opposing vaccination, is that at the anniversary dinner at Guy’s Hospital, “ the professors paid more compliments to Dr. Jenner, and vaccination, than to *Mr. Birch* and *Mr. Guy*.”
Note to the 8vo.



d'esprit. Seeing the manifold advantages of the cow-pox, which is spreading its influence from pole to pole, and has already not only saved the beauty of the human race, but the lives of thousands, it would, at this time, have been unworthy of the cause, and of the humane and upright character of its supporters, to have met its base opposers with any other argument than the lash of satire, and the laugh of ridicule.

“ Mr. Birch’s virtuous motive has been shewn in a note. Dr. Moseley is not confined, and yet he contends, “ that an infant, when vaccinated, will have a face like an ox, and hair all over its body like a cow. He even wishes us to believe, that it will discover all the propensities of a brute.” We repeat, that this “ *anti-cow-poxical elf*,” is not confined, and as all *reason* must be lost on such a subject, the author of the quarto makes very merry with his hypotheses; which have this merit, that none can read them without laughter. The author thinks of his “ *little ones*,” and exclaims:

“ O Moseley! thy books, nightly phantasies rousing,
Full oft make me quake for my heart’s dearest treasures;
For fancy, in dreams, oft presents them all browsing
On commons, just like little Nebuchadnezzars.

There, nibbling at thistles, stand Jem, Joe and Mary;
 On their foreheads, oh horrible! crumpled horns bud:
 Here Tom with a tail, and poor William all hairy,
 Reclin'd in a corner, are chewing the cud." P. 8.

" He then talks of *dreaming*, that Dr. Moseley is mad; but he only fancy he dreams, for he was never more wide awake in his life. The doctor is now made to rave through his whole system. He ascribes every thing to the *cow-pox*;—the brutifying of Nebuchadnezzar, the breaking of a sailor's wooden leg, and the "cuckoldy horns" of a poor cobbler! He thinks its overpeopling the earth objectionable; as it may drive us to feast on each other.—*But*, he adds,

" To cow-poxers, doubtless, to feast would be pleasant,
 On a boy's shoulder blade, or his rump in steaks
 broil'd;
 Yes, they'd count more delicious than partridge or
 pheasant,
 A miss in her teens, either roasted or boil'd."

" This is a matter, however, of serious import; no less so, than whether a good of an universal character, already experienced, shall be sacrificed to the villainous machinations of a few selfish and ignorant Charlatans."

In the first number of the present work, it

was thought necessary to give a general outline of the various frauds and impositions, practised by the professed enemies, and the pretended friends of vaccination; one of whom, actuated by motives of avarice and ambition, has probably been more successful in his depredations, than any other projector, since the days of Mr. Robert Young, the notorious projector of the Philanthropic Reform.

The individual here alluded to, is one whom Dr. Jenner found in a state of distress, and on whom he took compassion; but he had no sooner cherished him in his bosom, and restored him to his pristine vigor, than, like the venomous reptile in the fable, he tried to return evil for good, and sting him to death.

Many people are acquainted with the conduct of *John W—k—r*, alias *Dr. W—k—r*, and the rise of the counterfeit society, called the London Vaccine Institution, in Salisbury Court. Many are acquainted with the vile ribaldry which he has for some time been publishing against his benefactor Dr. Jenner, in that common vehicle of ignorance and slander, the “*Medical Observer*.” It was, indeed, natural for him to publish his illiterate, doggrel rhymes, in a work begun by one set of quacks, and continued by another. *Qui Bavium non odit amet tua carmina Mævi*. We shall now,

without farther ceremony, lay before our readers——

A NEW SONG,

CALLED

The Blacksmith's Progress; or, I and my Partner Joe:

Sung at a certain Vaccine Institution in Salisbury Court.

I Once was a blacksmith at Cockermouth town,
Then *incog* I to Gloucestershire go:
Next I trudge up to London—a clodhopping clown,
And meet with my partner Joe.

Men born to high stations ne'er keep to their tether,
With unbounded ambition they glow;
And birds of a feather will still flock together,
Like me and my partner Joe.

Great souls to each other by instinct will turn,
In affection no limits they know;
An alliance they claim, and in friendship they burn,
Like me and my partner Joe.

One that's born to be hang'd will never be drown'd,
He by land or by water may go;
He safely may travel the world all around,
With me and my partner Joe.

I sail'd to Gibraltar, and thought it no sin
Without leave, without licence, to go
In a prime English frigate;—and wedge myself in
Along with my partner Joe.

When I came to that fortress, my pamphlets all flew,
Like the Sibylline leaves, to and fro;
Not by Jenner,—but penn'd by the Jacobin crew,
Brought by me or my partner Joe.

When I enter'd the Strait, I entirely forgot
It was not the last strait I might know;
And 'tis thought a strait waistcoat will still be the lot
Of me and my partner Joe.

A strait noose on the neck might perhaps be my fate,
But my life to my cunning I owe;
Else might some heavy penalty fall on my pate,
And on that of my partner Joe.

I to mutiny tempted the nautical train,
Loving seeds of dissention to sow;
Scarce the dread cat-o'-nine-tails the strife could re-
Caus'd by me or my partner Joe. [strain,

Poor M——l has reap'd little wealth or applause,
The good people of Lymington know;
While I prosper in London in spite of the laws,
And so does my partner Joe.

No longer, like Vulcan, sledge-hammers I wield,
No longer the bellows I blow;
I'm a doctor,—and all other doctors must yield
To me and my partner Joe.

To Leyden I went,—where I paid all my fees,
But no knowledge to Leyden I owe;
I scorn ev'ry man who grows wise by degrees,
And so does my partner Joe.

I know how to humbug that booby, John Bull,
Which is all that I'm anxious to know;
If my noddle is empty, my pocket is full,
By the help of my partner Joe.

Who will read musty books, or, for medical skill
To the fountains of learning will go,
When he sees Dr. Last without licence may kill,
So may I, or my partner Joe.

Now I claret can drink, and I turtle can eat;
Ring and Blair to the devil may go:
They encourage no fraud, they connive at no cheat,
Nor at me and my partner Joe.

I will cram vile "Observers" with outlandish brogues,
And abuse without mercy bestow:
"Par horrible fratum!"—a terror to rogues!
To me and my partner Joe!

I cow-pox the children in Salisbury court,
For subscriptions a begging I go:
I bamboozle the public,—'tis excellent sport,
For me and my partner Joe.

The garb of a quaker will cloke ev'ry sin,
And defeat all attempts of the foe;
If you swear not at all, but lie thro' thick and thin,
With me and my partner Joe.

What *true* quakers affirm, you may safely believe,
But my friends and my neighbours all know,
When I dress like a quaker I laugh in my sleeve,
And so does my partner Joe.

Did I give the Jenneric Society birth?

I say yes, but my conscience says no:

To do good I am one of the last men on earth,

And so is my partner Joe.

Some philanthropists fear'd we the public should rob,

For then our finances were low:

They perceiv'd all we wanted was only a job

For me and my partner Joe.

They brought many a commoner, many a peer,

Some, alas! who my wickedness know:

Overaw'd by their presence, I look'd mighty queer,

And so did my partner Joe.

My mean speculations and projects no trace

Of zeal or humanity show;

All I wanted to get, was a snug little place

For me and my partner Joe.

I a lump of deceit, and a hypocrite am,

'Tis money that makes the mare go;

Yet so well the Samaritan doctor I sham,

I astonish my partner Joe.

I contriv'd some true friends of the public to meet,

And to them high preferment I owe;

But I soon kick'd the ladder from under my feet,

And so did my partner Joe.

As to JENNER,—he saw me in want of my bread,

And sympathy felt for my woe;

But I spurn'd all the bounty by which I was fed,

And so did my partner Joe.

Out of place, I'm as humble and meek as a lamb,
But, in place, I refractory grow;
Such a rude and untractable rebel I am,
And so is my partner Joe.

Lost alike to all virtue, and honour, and truth,
No remembrance of kindness I show;
But forget my Creator in days of my youth,
And so does my partner Joe.

For the favors he shower'd, no return but a frown
My great benefactor shall know;
I should murmur at heav'n while the manna fell down,
And so would my partner Joe.

In ev'ry foul channel, I slander will spread,
Jenner's anger all Grub Street shall know;
I will tarnish the glory that shines round his head,
And so shall my partner Joe.

Like a groom, or a lackey, I'm turn'd out of place,
But a new South-Sea bubble I'll blow;
Thank my stars, I can bear any sort of disgrace,
And so can my partner Joe.

My conscience was never yet troubl'd with qualms,
For subscriptions a begging I go;
For the London Vaccine Institution ask alms,
And so does my partner Joe.

To the boys I still furnish abundance of sport,
While with lank and grim visage I go,
Like a wolf in sheep's clothing, thro' Salisbury Court,
And so does my partner Joe.

Some think me a bear breaking loose from his chain,
To their fears I my liberty owe;
Else the bear to his stake would be ty'd up again,
And so would his partner Joe.

Some think me the monster,—the women I tease,
And arrest, as they pass to and fro;
I spring forth from my den, and their children I seize,
And so does my partner Joe.

The poor infants I mangle by hook and by crook,
Tho' their terrify'd mothers cry no:
In their sight like a dreadful assassin I look,
And so does my partner Joe.*

The men stare in my face, and eye me with scorn,
One incessantly treads on my toe;
Oh! I wish in my heart I had never been born,
And so does my partner Joe.

Now my crimes to complete and my labours to end,
Straight up to the cock-loft I'll go;
Then on some lusty rafter a rogue I'll suspend,
And so will my partner Joe.

Till then, ye who guineas in charity spare,
Unless guineas like blackberries grow,
Of knaves, and impostors, and swindlers beware,
And of me and my partner Joe.

• “ *Par horribile fratrum!!!* ”

It is necessary to annex a few remarks to this song; otherwise it would lose half its effect. It is no new thing for blacksmiths, as well as cobblers, to turn physicians in this great metropolis; where the credulity of the inhabitants is proverbial—"For fools of all sorts London is the place." This trait, therefore, in the character of our hero, would not be worth noticing, but there is one peculiar trait in his character well worthy of notice; which is, that he never thrives in the world without the assistance of a partner Joe. It is, indeed, rather singular, that he has, on different occasions, entered into partnership with three Joes: and carried on a very profitable trade with them all.

Those who read an account of his adventures in "The Blacksmith's Progress," must not expect us to distinguish the three Joes. The circumstances of the narrative are, as yet, too recent in the recollection of all the enlightened part of the community, to require any such elucidation. We shall, therefore, leave that irksome task to some future Malone.

Our hero tell us, that when he went to Leyden, he paid all his fees; but we are assured by respectable authority, that when he appeared at the Royal College of Physicians in Warwick Lane, in consequence of a summons, to give an account why he practices without a

licence, he cut a worse figure than Dr. Last, for he could not produce a certificate of his attendance.

It is reported, that soon after his arrival at Leyden, where he probably remained long enough to see the picture of Boerhaave, he marched away to Paris, in order to see how the revolution went on; and, if necessary, to lend a helping hand.—Nay, from the very gross and palpable blunders which he has committed since his return to England, we should not be at all surprized at hearing, that he mistook Marat for Hippocrates, Robespierre for a God, and that Pandæmonium the Jacobin Convent, where those devils incarnate used to meet, for the Hotel Dieu.

With regard to the “booby John Bull,”—that he has been *long* humbugged, and *much* humbugged, by the individual in question, is a fact too well known to require any proof.—The following is an extract of a letter from an eminent physician in London, to a person of high rank and title in Ireland, who had been trepanned by this individual and his friends; and induced to give his name, and a donation of fifty guineas, to their counterfeit institution.

“I believe, one of the chief reasons for the progress of vaccination having been so much slower in England, than in any other

part of the world, has been the disreputable and unskilful hands into which the practice happened to fall; and this observation is applicable to no one so much as to Dr. W——r; who, with equal audacity and ignorance, counteracted, and openly departed from, the methods which the immortal founder had, with so much labour and ingenuity, discovered and ascertained.

“ Not only this man’s incapacity, but his violations of probity and honour, were such, that not only Dr. Jenner’s patience and good temper were exhausted, but the Duke of Bedford, President of the Royal Jennerian Society, and all the most respectable members, found it absolutely necessary to remove him. I can say for myself, that the great forbearance and lenity with which he was treated, proceeded from compassion, founded on the belief that he was in some degree insane; an idea which your Grace will not deem improbable, from the style of his letters.

“ Notwithstanding what his supporters may say in their Address, I know for certain, that most, if not all, the names of rank and credit which it contains, were obtained by circumvention and surprise; and, among the rest, that of the Duke of Bedford; who never could dream that it was meant for the support

of such a man, equally hostile to Dr. Jenner, and to the furtherance of vaccination.

“ One morning I happened to call on another nobleman, who had been principally instrumental in procuring the Royal Sanction to the Jennerian Society; and he was on the point of giving his name and contribution to W——r’s Society; conceiving it to be the original Institution, or a branch of it. I of course prevented him from falling into the snare. They inserted Mr. R——e’s name among their ^em~~u~~mbers, though he had repeatedly resisted their importunity; and Mr. F——r could only compel them to withdraw his name, by threatening them with a prosecution.

“ In farther answer to your Grace’s inquiry on this subject, I have only to add, that the bulk of this man’s real, and *bonâ fide* supporters, are obscure sectaries; and I have to warn your Grace, to be very short and clear in your reply to their insidious addresses and applications; to prevent the cavils with which you would otherwise be assailed, by the low cunning, and endless pertinacity of Dr. W——r.”

The Editor is happy in an opportunity, of publishing the preceding extract of a letter from a distinguished character, who ranks

high in the medical profession. It will tend, in some measure, to open the eyes of the public; and to obviate the ill effects of those misrepresentations which are daily circulated by Dr. W——r and his friends against Dr. Jenner, and the other members of the Royal Jennerian Society. Our public journals have already announced, that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has withdrawn his Patronage from the London Vaccine Institution. His Excellency has been heard to declare, that had he not supposed the person who applied for him to become the President of this Institution, still belonged to the Royal Jennerian Society, he “ would not have given his patronage, or his subscription, to that impostor.”

It is very well known, that some of the first characters in the kingdom exerted themselves to remove the individual in question from the office which he held, on account of his gross mal-practice, and his misconduct in many other respects. It would, therefore, be prudent, as well as becoming, in him and his adherents, to be more cautious in future, how they provoke discussion.

REPORT

OF THE

ROYAL JENNERIAN SOCIETY,

On the supposed Failures of Vaccination at Ringwood.

Salisbury Square, February 3, 1808.

THE Royal Jennerian Society, deeply impressed with the importance of their pledge to the public, in recommending Vaccination as a security against the Small Pox, and feeling equally the claim the public have on them to justify this pledge, by offering such information as may remove any reasonable doubt respecting that security, think it their duty to publish an abstract of their proceedings, in consequence of the alarm excited by the supposed failures of Vaccination at Ringwood.

Upon information received from the Right Honourable George Rose, M. P. to whom the Society are greatly indebted for his zeal and attention on this interesting occasion, the Society appointed a Medical Deputation, consisting of John Ring, Esq. Vice-President, W. Blair, Esq. Director, and Dr. J. S. Knowles, their Resident Inoculator.

These Gentlemen, assisted by Dr. Fowler, an eminent Physician of Salisbury, who is totally unconnected with this Society, proceeded to Ringwood; where a public meeting was convened at the Town Hall, and attended by the Right Honourable George Rose, W. Mills, Esq. M. P. S. Tuncks, Esq. a Magistrate of the Town, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, the Rev.

Mr. Davies, the Rev. Mr. Middleton, Mr. Westcott and Mr. Macilwain, Surgeons of Ringwood, and the other principal inhabitants of that town and neighbourhood. In their presence the medical gentlemen, during two whole days, went into a close investigation of these supposed failures of Vaccination.

Their report, which is open to the inspection of any medical man, affords the most consolatory results. These results the Society now lay before the public, to defeat the effects of prejudice or misrepresentation; and to confirm the efficacy and advantage of Dr. Jenner's great discovery, *the Cow Pock Inoculation*, as a safe, mild, and *uncontagious* antidote against that most terrible and *contagious* malady the Small Pox.

On the whole, the Medical Deputation are perfectly satisfied, after a minute and careful examination of the numerous cases brought before them, that no instance occurred, during the dreadful visitation at Ringwood, of the Small Pox having taken place where the process of Vaccination had been complete; and they have the highest satisfaction in offering to the public a confirmation of their own opinion, in the subjoined communications from the two medical practitioners at Ringwood, by whom the majority of the inhabitants were inoculated.

General Result of the Inquiry into the unfavourable Reports concerning Vaccination at Ringwood.

THE Small Pox appeared at Ringwood about the middle of September; and rapidly spread through the town and neighbourhood, partly by means of inoculation, and partly by natural infection.

Vaccine inoculation did not commence until the 23d of October; it is therefore evident, that all those persons who were vaccinated, had been previously exposed to the contagion of the Small Pox.

Some of these persons had the Small Pox at the same time with the Cow Pock, in consequence of previous infection. In others, vaccine inoculation did not take effect; and consequently they were not rendered insusceptible of the infection of the Small Pox.

In various instances, dry Cow Pock matter, received from several quarters, was dissolved in water almost boiling, previously to insertion; and it is probable, that on this account it frequently failed to produce any effect. Above two hundred persons, however, were successfully vaccinated; and have been protected from the Small Pox, though much exposed to its infection in different ways.

It was asserted, that the Small Pox was more fatal, at Ringwood and the neighbouring villages, to those persons who were inoculated for the Cow Pock, than to others. This report appeared to be totally destitute of foundation. The mortality was indeed considerable, owing in some instances to want of air and cleanliness, and in others to the immoderate use of spirituous liquors, particularly at the time of the eruption, which had been recommended by a Thresher, who inoculates for the Small Pox.

It was reported, that several persons at Ringwood, who were inoculated with the Cow Pock some years ago, lately had the Small Pox: but no satisfactory evidence was given to establish the fact; as it appeared, either that their arms had not been inspected by the inoculator after Vaccination, or that there was no proper scar left behind; or on the other hand, when they

were put to the test of variolous inoculation, no other effect was produced, than what is occasionally produced in those who have previously had the Small Pox.

It was also insidiously reported, that two persons died of the Cow Pock, or as it has been termed, the "Vaccine ulcer": but it is positively asserted by the surgeons who inoculated them, that no Vaccine ulcer, nor Cow Pock, took place in either of those instances; and that the patients died of other diseases, —one of them of an apoplexy.

JOHN RING.

WILLIAM BLAIR.

J. S. KNOWLES.

THE preceding report having been submitted to Dr. Fowler, an answer, *dated Sarum, Jan. 31st*, has been received, in which he says, "I perfectly approve of this Report; as it very accurately expresses the opinion which I have formed, of the causes of the supposed failures of Vaccination at Ringwood." Mr. ROSE has likewise permitted the Jennerian Society to add, "that he has seen this Report, and concurs in it, so far as he is able to form a judgment on the subject."

By Order of the General Court.

CHARLES MURRAY,
Secretary.

*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Westcott to Mr. Blair,
dated Ringwood, Jan. 10, 1808.*

"Mr. Birch must now be convinced, by my answer to his letter, that his statement is *directly wrong*, re-

specting the failures of Vaccination at Ringwood; and you are at perfect liberty to make use of my name, in any manner you may think proper, to convince the world that Mr. Birch has asserted a falsehood."

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. Westcott to Mr. Ring,
dated Ringwood, Jan. 15, 1808.*

DEAR SIR,

I am of opinion that not one person in Ringwood, or its neighbourhood, caught or had the Small Pox, after going through regular and complete Vaccination.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

W. WESTCOTT.

P.S. Yours would have been answered sooner, but I could not see Mr. Macilwain till last evening. He says, these are exactly his sentiments.

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. Macilwain to Mr. Ring,
dated Ringwood, Jan. 25, 1808.*

DEAR SIR,

In answer to your letter, which was dated 21st instant, but which I only received on Saturday the 23d, I have to inform you, that the resolution which appeared in the Salisbury and London papers, respecting the Vaccination here, contained my sentiments; and that I have no reason to alter my opinion at present. The advertisement I allude to is the following:

"After a most careful and minute investigation of those cases in which the Small Pox occurred subse-

It is there also asserted, that the Report of the College has been severely chastised, and ably exposed. This also is false.

It is there also asserted, that Mr. Thackeray seems to be much alarmed at the revival of a scrutiny about the Cow Pox at Cambridge. This also is false.

It is there also asserted, that the Jennerian Society is alarmed on the same account. This also is false.

It is there also stated, that Mr. Ring had no doubt of Mr. Butler's child having been properly vaccinated. This also is false.

It is there also stated, that he told Mrs. Butler, her daughter's case was one in ten thousand. This also is false.

We shall here insert a few lines from the fourth act of the Jenneric Opera, by Dr. W——r, in the same contemptible publication; and then leave it to the public to decide, whether the censure of the said Dr. W——r, and of the man who publishes and vends his trash, is not preferable to their praise.

“Mister Rose, full well knows, I've long look'd towards him.
The Jennerian is sinking. Oh help it to swim.

Mr. Rose, I expected to have kept it aboon.

But the Great, and the Times, they do change like the Moon.”

Such is the stuff with which the Medical Observer is filled. It indicates a sickly habit, and an approaching dissolution. The friends of Vaccination have little to fear from the scurrility of such writers. The characters of Dr. Jenner and his friends are proof against such calumny; but certainly are not to be compared with those of Dr. Maclean, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Squirrel, Dr. Reece, Dr. Moseley, Dr. Caton, Mr. Birch, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Shillito, Mr. John Gale Jones, and Mr. Lipscombe.

THE END.

Lately published.

1. An Expostulatory Letter to Dr. Moseley, on his Review of the Report of the Royal College of Physicians, on Vaccination, price 1s. 6d.
2. The Vaccine Phantasmagoria, price 2s.
3. The Vaccine Scourge, No. 1, in answer to the Calumnies and Falsehoods lately circulated with great industry by that Extraordinary Surgeon Mr. Birch, and other Anti-vaccinists, price 1s.

Printed by J. and W. Smith, King Street, Seven Dials.